Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he ſtea-
A captiue victor that hath loſt in gaine; (leth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcarre that will diſpight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his ſpoile perplext in greater paine.
Shee beares the lode of luſt he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuiſh dog creeps ſadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
Shee deſperat with her nailes her fleſh doth teare.
He faintly flies ſweating with guiltie feare;
Shee ſtaies exclayming on the direfull night,
He runnes and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,
Shee there remaines a hopeleſſe caſt-away,
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prayes ſhee neuer may behold the day.
For daie, quoth ſhee, nights ſcapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

They thinke not but that euerie eye can
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelu
And therefore would they ſtill in darker
To haue their vnſeene ſinne remaine v
For they their guilt with weeping will v
And graue like water that doth eate i
Vppon my cheeks, what helpeleſſe ſ

Here ſhee exclaimes againſt repoſe and
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blin
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her
And bids it leape from thence, where it
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a mi
Frantick with griefe thus breaths ſ
Againſt the vnſeene ſecrecie of night

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell
Dim regiſter, and notarie of ſhame,
Blacke ſtage for tragedies, and murther
Vaſt ſin-concealing Chaos, nourſe of bl
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harber for
Grim caue of death, whiſpring conſ
VVith cloſe-tong'd treaſon & the ra